★ EDUCATION ★ ORGANIZATION ★ EMANCIPATION

Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

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WHILE POLITICIANS GAS, POOR HUNGER!



Belt Looseners Visiting Among Belt Tighteners

For many Georgia children, the free school lunch was the only good meal they got in the day. For failure to integrate, 77 Georgia school districts lost their Federal aid, and of these 47 cut out the free school lunch. Senator Talmadge, who used to oppose the food-stamp plan, now favors it, and urges that the free lunch money should be exempted from the Federal withholding of school funds.

The Atlanta Journal commented: "Georgia has broad stretches of hinterland in which thousands of families are so poor that they do not have the means to buy food stamps, much less provide lunch money for a houseful of school children." It suggests that the children should not be the victims of the fights of their elders over integration.

Senator Hollings from South Carolina makes a public confession in the same vein: "While governor, I supported the public policy of covering up the problem of hunger in order to attract new industry to South Carolina." Now he wants to see hunger fully explored, explaining that he was shaken by the evidence of pellagra and parasitic worms. "Of 177 children examined in Belfort County alone, 98 were infested with intestinal worms which sometimes grew a foot in length. Hundreds of children in rural South Carolina live on 800 calories a day."

The Talmadge and Hollings twists are two examples of a conservative switch from "The Great Society" to doing something about hunger. In Florida this development shows up in big city papers such as the Miami Herald running large articles exposing the horrible conditions that prevail among migrant workers while small-town papers object to Federal investigation.

Senator McGovern (South Dakota) has been heading a committee exploring the lot of these migrant agricultural workers. State Representative Rogers and Governor Kirk of Florida went with him to try to preserve the honor of the state against this intrusion. When Rogers noticed an old TV set in a shack, with no water, and an electric cord to bring power from the next house, he pointed

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Student Movement More Like Labor Struggle Every Day!

YELLOW DOG GOES TO COLLEGE

The yellow-dog contract and the Mohawk Valley formula have encountered the campus rebellion—and found it an irresistible force.

Years ago coal miners had to sign yellow-dog contracts promising not to join the UMWA to get a job in West Virginia mines, and copper miners had to promise not to join IWW to get a Butte rustling card.

On March 7th, 1969, the Student Councilmen at Palm Beach Atlantic College—all 15 of them—asked the Board of Trustees to deny admittance to "any student affiliated with an adverse organization", specifically leaving interpretation of the term "adverse" to the Trustees. The same day the Administrative Council passed a resolution requiring each student to sign a statement that he is not a member of SDS. They staked their claim to be the first in the nation to adopt such a resolution.

North Carolina introduces a bill to increase the punishment for demonstrators who hinder the normal use of public buildings to six months in jail plus a $500 fine. The Attorney General is asked about applying

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LEFT SIDE

President Nixon ordered the push - button window - opening mechanism removed from his bedroom in the White House, saying: "I'm afraid if I pushed the button I would blow up the world."

What's the matter, Rich? Is all this Missile Defense System talk giving you nightmares?

In case you don't know, the Spartan missile has its own nuclear warhead that destroys the enemy missile by exploding it in midair—exploding itself at the same time, of course. Two warheads are better than one!

Comes also the horrible thought that the "enemy" might play dirty pool and just keep sending over duds so we could nuke ourselves out of existence at our own expense.

Anyway, someone is going to clean up on fat government contracts turning out the latest Frankenstein's Monster. The Government, meanwhile, is still relying on "conventional warfare", as it plans on drafting 27,000 more cannon fodder next month.

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Sears Roebuck apparently is thinking in terms of "conventional warfare" also. Sears, which sells everything from consomme to cashews, has been placing larger advertisements in the big dailies to "See Sears before you buy." For tombstones, that is. No money down on easy payment plans. A little different from when they were displaying fallout shelters a few years back.

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Again the House Foreign Affairs Committee was told by a pair of scientists that a large stockpile of nuclear weapons is no security against annihilation or for preserving peace. Scientists have been trying to tell that to politicians since the days of stone axes, but the pollies never seem to hear them. An organized Working Class could quickly shake the wax out of their ears.

When US Senator George McGovern recently visited a poverty area in Florida, he remarked that the cattle and hogs in this country were better fed and sheltered than the families he had seen in the counties of his visit.

So now we suppose that a Florida Senator will soon make a visit to the Indian reservations on South Dakota.

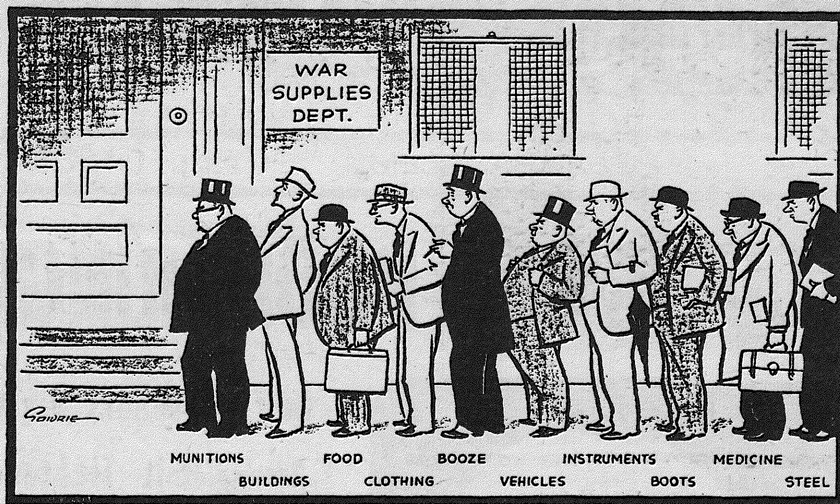
One gal, a graduate student at Stanford University in

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ALL WANT PEACE, BUT—

THIS CARTOON WAS PUBLISHED IN "THE WORD" FOR JUNE 1951. IT HAS BEEN REPRINTED SPECIALLY BY REQUEST OF SEVERAL READERS.

THE EMPLOYERS SAY:



"Of course none of us want war—but we don't mind a contract or two."

AND THE WORKERS SAY:



"We don't want war—but we don't mind big money for making murderous weapons."

And So War Always Receives Popular Support

editorial

The Sky's The Limit!

Never mind the datedness of the cartoon above or the fact that it originally appeared in another publication and another country. It is still very applicable in our little spot of the globe right here and now.

In the last couple of issues of this paper there has been some discussion pro and con as to the idealistic merits and awareness of what is called the Working Class. Are those who work for a living basically less self-motivated than those whom they work for ? Is there an underlying fountain of honor to be found in the hearts of workers that is not to be found in the hearts of the capitalists ?

If such were true, there would be no need for those of us who sweat it out here in this drafty office to continue to publish this struggling little journal in the hopes of bringing in the Millennium, for the Millennium would already be here and we would be out enjoying the ideal society with everyone else.

There have been some prophets of a new society—and there still are—who paint the picture of the noble but exploited worker who once his chains are unshackled will usher in a new golden age. Such talk as that in our esteem is the talk of either those who are removed from reality, or second-rate con artists. We of the IWW (and especially those of us who sweat it out on this paper), having spent the most of our short lives as working stiffs, have no such starry illusions. We are more than aware of the fact that there are those of our class who know better but still keep on playing with the System.

In this day and age there are very few who still believe in the divine right of kings. You have only to ask your fellow worker on the job his opinion on politicians in general, and he will say they are a bunch of crooks. But who else but those who work for a living enable these politicians to be voted into their plush jobs year after year ? The fact that no military encounter was ever waged between voluntary armies shows that the average working stiff knows that wars ain't for him; but there would be some mighty skimpy wars if the armies were composed of capitalists only.

And those who every day turn out the implements of destruction in factories all over the world are members of our own class. Let's face it: It is the Working Class as a whole which voluntarily partakes in its own destruction! That includes us "enlightened" members of the Working Class as well, because the system we live under is so constituted that it is impossible for any one of us not to be enmeshed in it.

Comes now the voice of the cynic who reiterates: "Well, you can't change human nature!" Aside from the obvious intent of such a statement, the statement in itself is true. Human nature is what it is. But is there any need to change it ? We say no. But we also believe in putting nature to good use. Let human nature be utilized for our own benefit and not for the benefit of the miniscule fraction of humanity who happen to be the overseers and tithe-collectors.

Your writer remembers one friend who, although a radical, compensated for the long hours of working his tail off all day at a steel mill by riding around all night in a Cadillac. Most of us working stiffs want at least a little bit of what the capitalist has, and we are all in some degree or other guilty of emulating the upper crust.

Emulation per se is no great crime, as it is only human nature. But as long as we're emulating, why not let us go whole hog ? Sure, it is possible if we skimp and scrounge enough, one of us might have the pleasure of driving a ritzy car, eat in an exclusive restaurant, have a key to the Playboy Club, and maybe even get within shoulder-rubbing distance of a real live big-shot. But there is one thing the rich man has that we don't have, and that's the thing we should set our sights for: Solidarity!

Don't kid yourselves. How else could less than a fraction of one per cent of humanity have everything for themselves if they didn't know how to stick together ? Nevermind the puppet politicians and rulers that front for them. Those are only a sideshow put on for our benefit. The real rich man whose wealth controls the economic destiny of our planet never violates the principle of loyalty to his own class. If a small portion of the human race can get so much by sticking together, what would happen if the greater majority started thinking in terms of class solidarity ?

Being materialistically motivated in itself is no great sin. The question is how to put materialistic motivations to work where they can do the most good!

—Carlos Cortez

"An Injury to One Is an Injury to All" • *One Union One Label One Enemy*

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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W. H. Westman, Business Manager

It should be understood by members and others who read this paper that it is the policy of the I.W.W. to designate as OFFICIAL any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. Anything not so designated is not official. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual writing or editing the same.

Attention, Field Correspondents!

The next issue of The Industrial Worker is going to be a special May Day number, and in order to insure that we have it out on all the stands by May First, I am asking all contributors to send in their copy early.

THE DEADLINE FOR COPY FOR THE MAY ISSUE SHALL BE APRIL 15TH!

Yours for the Works, Carlos Cortez, Editor

ATTENTION, CHICAGO AREA READERS:

Under the auspices of the Chicago General Membership Branch of the Industrial Workers of the World, a talk and open forum featuring our good friend and noted Marxist theoretician RAYA DUNAYEVSKAYA will be held in Chicago this month. The topic will be RACE AND CLASS.

The time is Sunday afternoon, April 13th, and the place is Alice's Restaurant, 2445 North Lincoln Avenue, right around the block from the Chicago IWW Hall.

For more complete information, call the Chicago Hall at LI 9-5045.

EASTERN ORGANIZING FUND

From Miami our Hungarian Fellow Workers continue to add to the Eastern Organizing Fund Drive. Contributions this past month are as follows:

Mike Holasz	$20.00
John Herold	75.00
H. O.	50.00
Louis Tarcai	5.00
M. Kaciban	25.00
J. Kozan	25.00
L. Lefkovits	10.00
J. Nagy	7.00
A. Wiener	10.00
Paul Hering	20.00
J. Buzay	20.00
G. Wiener	10.00
S. Torok	10.00
J. Vizi	13.00
TOTAL	$300.00

Kesenem!



Lay the Boss Off — It Makes More Sense

What it Takes to be a WOBBLY

Fellow Worker:

This is in reply to your recent letter in which you inquire about what it takes to be a member of the IWW. The sample copy of the Industrial Worker which is enclosed will answer some of your questions and point out the road to further information. Here I'll mention only a couple of things that could be of more immediate interest to you.

The cost of membership in the IWW (in the United States) is as follows:

Initiation fee, $2; dues, $1 monthly; quarterly assessment, $1. Minimum total to join, $4. After joining, it costs $16 a year to keep an IWW union card in good standing.

Workers while unemployed may pay 50¢ a month dues, instead of the regular $1.

It may already be known to you that the IWW still is on the Attorney General's so-called subversive list. This does not mean that it is illegal to belong to the IWW. It does mean that if you apply for a government job, membership in this organization can be held against you and you may not get the job on that account.

If this turns you off, or scares hell out of you, maybe you had better wait awhile before you join up.

In the working class, it's an honorable distinction to belong to the IWW. Workers who join now are enlisting in a great drive to bring radical, democratic, fighting industrial unionism back into the work force. If you want to help make labor history, the IWW offers opportunity. I enclose an application for membership blank.

Yours for the Earth,

May Day At Penn U

There will be a MAY DAY observance at the Indiana Campus of the University of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Pennsylvania.

A program of songs, films and a speaker will be held in the Student Union Lecture Lounge on May First, 8:PM

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

official notices

BERKELEY: The Branch Secretary is Robert Rush, 1723 10th Street.

CHICAGO: Branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2422 North Halsted Street. Write to Branch Secretary W. H. Westman.

DULUTH: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate Patrick J. McMillen, Post Office Box 559 (55801), or phone Pat (727-3154) after 7 p.m. for an appointment.

HOUSTON: Robert (Blackie) Vaughan is Acting Secretary of the Houston I.U. 510 Branch. All communications intended for the Branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Boulevard (77011).

ITHACA: Stationary Delegate Bill Siebert can be reached at the Glad Day Press, 308 Stewart Avenue (phone 607-273-0535 or 273-1899).

LOS ANGELES: Write to IWW Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 46583, or phone Dorice McDaniels (OR 7-8397).

NEW YORK: For delegate service and information, phone Bill Goring (749-6465).

PHILADELPHIA: Write to Jarama Jahn, Post Office Box 17161 (19105), or phone MA 7-1896.

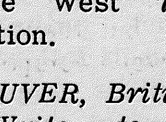
SAN FRANCISCO: See Michael Mack, Branch Secretary, 425 Presidio Avenue. Get involved in the action. Keep informed. It's been done by others.

SEATTLE IWW office at 307 Jones Building, 3rd Avenue and Union Street, open from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. At other times telephone West 7-2513 for information.

VANCOUVER, British Columbia: Write to Stationary Delegate J. B. McAndrew, 1896 I Avenue, Basement, or phone 738-7864

WATERLOO: IWW Student-Teacher Branch at University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada: Cyril Levitt, Secretary, c/o Federation of Students.

YAKIMA: Write to Stationary Delegate, Post Office Box 2205, Yakima, Washington 98902.



Pentagon critics claim they can end the war in Southeast Asia in one day—by having John Wayne go over and punch North Vietnam right in the mouth!

¿WHY?

The little girl, probably around 11 years of age, was riding her bicycle along the sidewalk, when she suddenly swung onto a driveway and into the street and into the path of an oncoming car. The motorist lacked only inches of stopping in time.

Remember those old ram's-head hood ornaments? In the freakiest kind of accident, one horn curled completely through the child's left hand and entered again! Aside from that, she was practically uninjured; hardly a body bruise worth the counting. After an interval, someone produced a hacksaw, child and ornament were separated from the automobile, and child, wounded hand, and ornament were placed in an ambulance, where surgery was performed.

I can almost quote the surgeon, to this day:

"We have performed surgery and removed the metal. Here it is. She may keep it as a souvenir or reminder. We had good luck with the muscle damage, and she will have good use of the hand. We'll keep her here in the hospital until we remove this bandage you're looking at now. Now there will be a scar, not exactly a pretty one. Later, if the insurance will pay, I should like to do plastic surgery on the hand. We can erase the scar. And, possibly, give some little better use of the hand; although as I've said she will have capable use of it as things stand now."

At last accounts this writer had, the insurance had disclaimed liability for further surgery. We can assume that the (now) young woman still carries the scar. We can also assume from the surgeon's statement that he had the skill and the tools to erase the scar. And the time it would take. We can assume that the hospital would have necessary space for performance of operation and patient recovery available.

Now you tell me why this operation should not have been performed? Why this girl should carry a scarred hand that could be mended and possibly improved for use? Why talent and skill and available services should rust in idleness?

Then, after you've told me, go to your place of residence. Pick a room, enter, close the door behind you. There, alone and by yourself, tell yourself why.

—Gilbert Mers

SLAVES ARE EQUAL TOO!

Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibits discrimination in employment because of race, color, religion, SEX, or national origin. The Merchants and Manufacturers Association, ever mindful of legal decisions that promise advantage to employers, quickly took their case to court. As a result, California's eight-hour day for women has been revoked. As of January 1st, 1969 the girls lost that protective legislation which forbade their bosses from claiming an unlimited number of hours in their day.

For public consumption, the M and M rationalizes its drive for sex equality this way:

Since many men find it a hardship to make ends meet on an eight-hour day, they depend upon overtime to raise their standard of living to a decent level. Now, fair employment means equal treatment, with no special privileges for any class. This prized equality requires a leveling of standards—either a leveling up or a leveling down. A ceiling on everybody's hours would trigger a resounding demand for higher wages. This alternative is unthinkable. So, to avoid all taint of discrimination and scrupulously abide by the letter of the law, we must ban laws which once made the lot of women slightly more endurable than that of their husbands.

Roman law also treated slaves with praiseworthy equality. There was no discrimination in hours of servitude, in the quality of crusts flung to the minions of labor, or in the number of lashes received for rebellious infraction of rules.

Dorice McDaniels

Ides of March Come to L A Church

I had gone to the Happy Anniversary Cuba Party with my 10-year-old daughter in my capacity as a press representative of the Industrial Workers of the World. The Party was held, prophetically, on the Ides of March, in a Unitarian church near downtown Los Angeles. (I was not able to discover why the Party was being held March 15th, when the Cuban Revolution became victorious on January 1st, 1959.)

By 9 p.m. only 40 or so people had arrived—a mixture of Latins, blacks, and whites. I sat against one wall near a window waiting for Lupe Saavedra and El Teatro Chicano to perform.

A noise like a shotgun blast suddenly exploded next to my ear, and glass showered on the dance floor at my feet. What appeared to me to be 15 to 20 (a radio station said 30) young men armed with clubs rushed into the room and began attacking men, women, and children and breaking everything in sight.

Unable to spot my daughter in the confusion of rushing bodies and flailing clubs, I found myself following seven or eight other people into a small alcove at one end of the stage. We watched incredulous as the attackers, who seemed to be a mixture of Anglos and Latins in their late teens and early twenties, beat the cowering guests and broke expensive musical instruments. I saw only one youth fight back, trying unsuccessfully to defend his electric guitar.

Spotting my daughter huddled in a corner across the room with three or four others, I rushed to her and in the process was struck on the legs, arms, and back by a blond youth with a wooden club about three and a half or four feet long. My daughter was struck on the head before our assailant turned away.

About ten minutes later, after breaking all the windows and the musical instruments of the six-piece band, causing damage estimated at $2,000, and stealing $56 in admission fees, the gang of hoodlums left as suddenly as they had arrived. The hall was a shambles, and my daughter and another child were crying hysterically.

I attempted to talk to several of the stunned and injured people who remained in the wrecked hall. One man said he had called the police but there was no sign of their presence, even though previous attacks against pro-Castro groups seemingly would have alerted them to any possible trouble. I was reminded of a vicious attack on the IWW hall in nearby San Pedro in 1924 when several children were disfigured for life by having an urn of scalding coffee poured over them deliberately by a similar group of thugs; the police had been curiously absent from the area for the first time, and it was later learned that they had known of the planned attack and stayed away.

Another man told me he thought the attackers were members of a Cuban exile group. A third man, whose nose appeared to be split down the middle and whose face was covered with blood, said he had obtained the license number of one of the cars the assailants had fled in, and was waiting in spite of his wounds to give it to police. It was a full 15 minutes before five carloads of police with screaming sirens finally arrived.

Such is the Ides of March in Lost Angeles. It was strictly a BC happening, all right, but dating back several centuries before the year 44.

—Pito Perez



Add Unionism To Studies

I recently attended a conference at the University of Washington for professional engineers and technical engineers concerned about labor unions in their field. Most of those attending did not belong to any labor organization and many had never even been asked to join.

After the presentation of arguments, pro and con, by several speakers, the group were asked for their ideas and suggestions. What followed was one of the most humorous and yet tragic events of my young life.

This group of so-called educated men, most with five or more years of college, could not even agree on what it was to be professional. This wild melee led to some actual fist fights and much laughter on my part. Nothing was ever settled, and no union was created—thank God.

This meeting pointed up several very important facts about organizing so-called professional groups. First, an intense educational process is needed, starting while the people involved are still in college; second, they must be convinced that wages are still wages even with a college education; third, we must be willing to challenge their intellect on all levels of their professional, personal, and political lives.

If the IWW were to start organizing on campuses all over the country, a whole generation of professional and sub-professional leaders could be organized. Therefore, I suggest that the IWW sponsor, along with other campus organizations such as SDS and the YSA, a series of conferences on organization of campus groups and youth groups in the community.

William Arensmeyer



Hunger, USA

(continued from Page 1)

to it and said "We've got to teach these people how to handle their money."

The Herald generalized: "McGovern's committee has gotten a cool reception from local farmers and government officials who resent the investigation as an intrusion into their private affairs."

Stan Wrisley, editor of the weekly Inmokalee Bulletin, testified that "migrants are shiftless, and welfare or free food would lead them to sitting home all day."

Miami papers call attention to the possibility that the alleged shiftlessness and incapacity of these people may reflect long years of hunger, especially hunger in infancy, and even need for prenatal nutrition. They point out too that the conditions in which these children grow up today create consequent problems for big Northern cities 20-or-so years from now—and it would cost less to feed them enough in the first few weeks of life to permit the development of a full complement of brain cells.

Lee is one Florida county that has made some provision for the Federal distribution of surplus food. Most counties haven't. Lee County has one distribution point and hands out dry milk et cetera—up to about $5 worth—to recipients who usually have to come miles and pay some neighbor $3 to bring them there to get the groceries. Asked why more outlets aren't provided, the County Welfare Director says: "If we start building annex warehouses, we'll never end building them."

At Fort Myers the committee visited the Murphys, who pay $65 per month for a shack that holds three beds in which the 10 members of their household sleep. Mr. Murphy earns less than $1500 a year and is entitled to some relief, but nobody had told him or others similarly situated about that. They and their neighbors live largely on boiled beans and peas. Any well-run migrant home will have beans soaking for a week or so; they find they're more easily digested that way.

The typical fear in these parts is not that squalor may continue, but that harvesting machinery, by means of which three men displace a hundred, may make it impossible to continue living even in that squalor.

—Fred Thompson

PREJUDICE MEASURED

Detroiters, the Lafayette Clinic concludes that 89% of the black and only 26% of the white population favors thorough integration. The survey was an "in-depth social and psychological study". It definitely ties white prejudice to limited information and fear for the future.

2% of the blacks and 16% of the whites favored segregation. Most blacks felt that the term "black power" meant only a "fair shake", and 22% of them found the term irrelevant.

Of the white segregationists, 80% felt politically powerless and almost all saw no hope for improvement. Whites favoring integration also felt politically powerless, but 58% of them believed they could better their lives. 67% of the white segregationists had not completed high school.

SUB SENIORITY MORE FLEXIBLE

UAW is discussing with Ford the prospect of changing layoff plans so that the man last hired has a chance to stay on and earn a few dollars. The Supplementary Unemployment Benefit for old hands brings their lay-off earnings so close to full-time pay that this gesture to favor the hard-core unemployed taken on experimentally by Ford causes no hardship to those with long seniority.

ALL DRESSED UP

John Wilson, former deputy chairman of SNCC and chairman of the National Black Anti-War Anti-Draft Union, sizing up the Black Militants in December Liberation magazine, had this to say about the black nationalist groups:

"The Nationalist schools have finally decided just to write poetry and set up African shops selling African dashikis. Twenty dollars for a dashiki, fifteen dollars for the sandals, four dollars for the Afro comb, two ninety-five for the Afro sheen spray. It costs you more to dress for the revolution than it would to arm yourself for the revolution. So they have settled down to private capitalistic enterprises."

Add To I W W Reading List

We don't quite keep up with our intention of listing all the scholarly articles about the IWW that appear in the academic journals. The current issue of Labor History reminds us that Western Folklore has run two articles relating to Joe Hill (Volume 25, Page 129, and Volume 26, Page 187). There has also been an article about Wobbly stickers.

There is a very meaty article, "The IWW and the Socialist Party", by Joseph R. Conlon, in Science and Society, Winter 1967 (Volume 31, Pages 22 to 36). It deals with the period from 1910 to 1920, and corrects the common notion that the practical SP politicians had to disown the IWW and the Left to give the Party a chance to win more votes.

Conlon shows that the high tide of Socialist Party electoral success was in 1912, with its victories where the IWW and the Left was the strongest; that reformist victory inside the Party was followed by a rapid decline in Party influence, with the greatest collapse in areas such as Butte where the reformists took over completely; that this decline continued until the War, when common resistance to repression renewed an earlier sense of comradeship.

Not spelled out, but implied in the evidence, is the conclusion that at least in the period studied, it was not the radicalism of the IWW that limited its growth. Conlon's PhD dissertation (Wisconsin, 1966) was entitled: "The Wobblies: A Study of IWW Before World War I".

Stanford University Press has issued a new book "The Mooney Case" by Richard Frost. Have you read Billings' own stirring account of this frame-up? It is contained in "The Frame-Up", by Curt Gentry. You may still be able to get a copy of it direct from Warren K. Billings, 919 East 4th Avenue, San Mateo, California 94401, for $7.50.





We Are The Builders

The struggle for a Democratic Society is well over 2,000 years old, and as of yet no society has even begun to show signs of becoming democratic in nature. As a matter of fact the world has changed little in its essential autocratic Bourgeois Republicanism.

The nation and the world are still at the same stage in their thinking as the Federalists and Thomas Jefferson.

We still revere private property, believe that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and that the poor and working classes are merely a stupid mob. We still, as a society, hate change and believe in the divine right of the rich and powerful. We fight to maintain what is here, for we fear the unknown.

The students today ask for a change: something different. However they don't know what they want. The workers complain, but do little. The powerful fight wars for change and freedom, but nothing changes.

Marx and Engels called for democracy, and got the USSR instead. The American people asked for a voice and got Nixon. The world asked for hope and got war. Humanism and Humanity have died with the coming of the political, and with them died the struggle for a true and lasting democracy.

What can be done? NOTHING!

Nothing, that is, as long as we hold to the old fears, and love ourselves more than the whole of humanity. Nothing, as long as we want to take it slow and easy. Nothing, without a fight, and a truly democratic revolution. Nothing, until workers of all types and of all shades begin to think of themselves as workers and unite under one banner, under the flag of the IWW.

William A. Arensmeyer

COAL

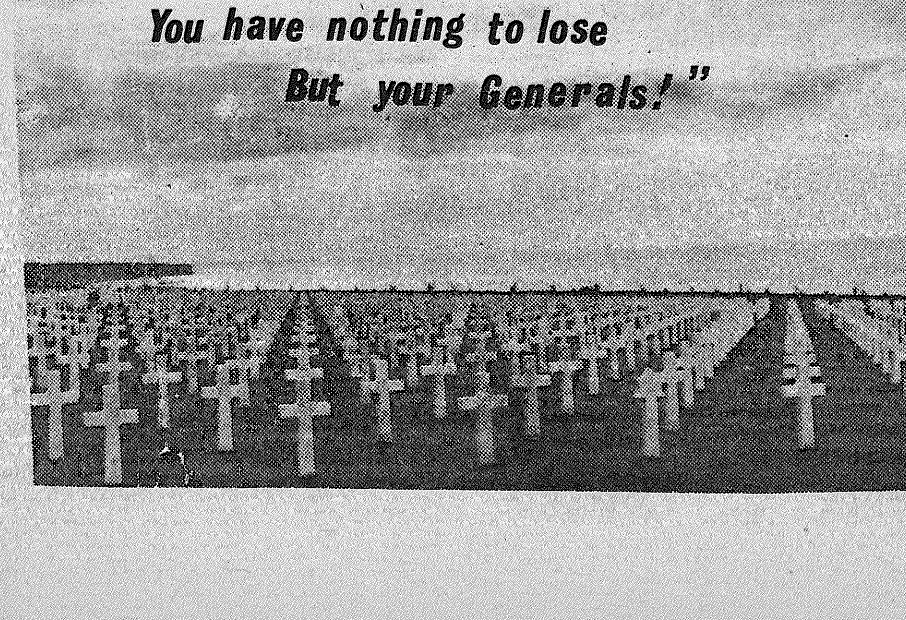
The black-lung revolt of West Virginia miners is not expected to die out with the return to work of 20,000 miners who waited for the Governor to sign the bill making this disease compensable. The Washington Post calls it a "turning point in West Virginia politics, an event from which future developments will be dated".

In this three-week walkout that tied up some local steel mills, the miners were up against their own UMWA bureaucracy, who wanted them to go back to work, as well as against the state machinery and the operators who insisted the bill would start miners' claims for compensation for all sorts of respiratory ailments. But the miners stuck it out, telling their union "No law, no work"—some until the bill was enacted, and 20,000 from the south of the state until the Governor signed it.

As they returned to work the Federal Government contemplated changes in mine-safety legislation and heard Doctor Wells of the Pulmonary Research Laboratory in Johnston, Pennsylvania explain that they now find black lung in 70% of all autopsies on coal miners, and that in half the cases it has caused massive enlargement of the right side of the heart. He points out that in Britain with 15 years of government dust control, the incidence of black lung has dropped from 12 per 1,000 miners to 1 per 1,000.

For the first time, the new federal mine-safety act will give US federal inspectors authority over supports at working faces of mines and bring surface mines under their regulation. Major mine disasters show, however, that when miners find their working place unsafe, they must be free to stop work without losing their income to other miners. The major accidents have happened where miners knew the mines were not safe. Black lung has increased rapidly with the extra dust that comes from rapid mechanized continuous operations.

—F. T.



OLD MAN ON THE BUS

I got on the bus in San Francisco and walked down the aisle to the rear. When I had been a middle-class brownnose kid I had always sat up front behind the driver and tried to make friends with him, I think because I liked uniforms and I felt this put me in good with the solid respectable elements of society. I certainly didn't want to be back there at the rear with the Mexicans, winos, Okies, and whores.

As I got older, however, I gradually migrated toward the back. There came a time around draft age when I liked uniforms less, and I began to feel it was a little too obvious to be always playing up to the driver. I settled into lower middle-class obscurity around the fifth row back.

But after a while it got so damned boring. I was rather horny in those days, and from the middle of the bus I began to observe that some of the Okie girls back there engaged in some pretty hot necking sessions and what sounded at times like more than that. And I began to be aware that some of the Negroes and Mexicans sounded like more interesting, alive, high-spirited people than a lot of the middle-class bussers. Also about this time several people were killed in a head-on bus collision somewhere in Texas, and it occurred to me that it would be safer in some ways at the rear. So I migrated farther back.

And I wasn't disappointed. Although I sometimes had to endure some heavy smoke and odors of alcohol, body sweat, and occasional vomit, and once some girl tried to steal my wallet, I had some very satisfying experiences necking with sexy girls. Also I had some very interesting conversations with members of various minority groups and just plain Anglo-Saxons, although about the time I began moving to the rear I noticed that a lot of minority people started moving to the front. (So perhaps it wasn't so much that the minorities showed a new independence and courage by moving to the front of the bus a few years ago, as that they simply didn't like the type of people who were moving to the rear.)

I used to wonder if it was just increasing social awareness and curiosity which drew me to the rear. Did I go to the rear because of a growing feeling of my own lack of worth? To seek to abase myself by associating with the most wretched of the earth? To sit with the outcasts because only among them could I feel superior? I didn't think these factors had much influence; but just in case—and to try to get a fair sample of society—I have returned in recent days to sitting occasionally in front or around the middle, although more often than not, conscious or unconscious factors draw me to the rear.

So on this late night in May I was sleepy and beat, and without knowing why I found myself stumbling by the babbling students, clerks, middle-class Negroes, and old ladies toward the very last row at the rear. I even passed up a chance to sit next to a sensuous hippie-type girl three rows from the back because at 1 a.m. I simply didn't feel up to any horsing around. (What passes for "maturity" in older people is often just tiredness and lack of vitality.)

Presently an old rather decrepit-looking fellow about 60 came and sat in the seat next to me without saying a word. In the dim light I saw only gradually that he wore a filthy tee-shirt, that his old double-breasted suit was ripped and had some kind of stains all over it, and that his deeply lined, rather vacant-looking face jerked slightly from side to side occasionally, as if he were somewhat drunk or had some kind of palsy.

I found myself hesitating uncomfortably before speaking. Like my attitude about which part of the bus to sit in, my attitude toward down-and-out wino types had varied from time to time. When very young I had instinctively avoided them. Then came a period when my heart bled for them ("When you realize that everyone is molded by circumstance, you can love everyone."); then another period when I decided my exaggerated concern was really selfishness and self-dramatization. My present attitude was to stop worrying about how to react and, with the idea of striving for the greatest good somewhere at the back of my mind, to try to react naturally.

I was so fatigued I dreaded the thought of getting involved in a long conversation. Yet total lack of recognition and communication seemed cold and inhuman to me. I saw the college students toward the front of the bus, and thought of some of the sociology majors I had met who argued fiercely and indignantly against the inhuman exploiters of society, but who would snobbishly abhor the idea of any face-to-face social intercourse with a member of the lowest class of society. There were some who would go out of their way to talk to a Negro or Mexican so they could feel noble about not being racist, but who despised poverty-stricken Anglos.

Well, I thought, as the bus began to rumble out onto Seventh Street, human contact even for mildly-selfish reasons was often better than no contact at all.

We passed the lighted dome of the city hall, beautiful facade of ignorance, hypocrisy, and greed. (The city had just decided to start charging admission at the zoo, which had been free for a century. With these additional funds taken from the poor, they would be able to do great things for the poor.)

My shabby companion had a folded newspaper on his lap which contained a photograph of a new six-wheel Rolls Royce which sold for a cool 28 grand.

Thinking I could use this to break the ice, as well as perhaps get an inkling of my seatmate's economic views, I said:

"Strange-looking car."

"Must be a four-wheel drive ... in those four front wheels," he mumbled noncommittally, and I caught a whiff of wine.

"How far you going," I asked.

"Santa Rosa," he said. Then he sank back into what seemed a vacant stupor, as if the brief utterance had exhausted him.

I watched the lights of San Francisco fade away into the night as we rumbled north over the Golden Gate, then drifted into a state of half-sleep.

Once, at Petaluma, I was jolted awake, and became aware that the old man had fallen asleep and that his head was resting against my shoulder. God, he'll probably be falling over into my lap before long, I thought with distaste.

But the next time I started to come awake, as we came into Santa Rosa, I felt only the same mild pressure of his head on my shoulder. It was a very gradual process of returning to wakefulness. At first in my sleep-drugged state I was only faintly aware of the mild pressure against me and wondered hazily what it was. Some girl I had picked up on the bus? Was I still with my wife? Who was it? It was always pleasantly mysterious, that state of faint but growing awareness of the presence of some other being.

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Old Man on the Bus

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But as the bus jolted across some railroad tracks and my awareness grew, I realized who it was and some faint voice told me I should feel disgust. That shabby old drunk. And maybe something in me urged me to, but strangely I didn't. I just let my consciousness roll easily back to itself and found strangely that the pressure on my shoulder was a very good feeling. It amazed me—that I should be capable of a completely new sort of experience at the brink of middle age. I didn't fight it, and the whole thing felt very warm and good. Simple and uncluttered contact with another human being. No frantic searchings for the right word or gesture; no hope of heaven; just a gentle brushing of two souls in the void. And for me it was a new and marvelous sensation, and I settled down with it and savored it as we hummed past the dark houses.

In another five minutes we were drawing up to the bus depot. I nudged the old man gently on the arm, and after the third nudge he came slowly awake.

"We're coming into Santa Rosa," I said.

"Did you wake me up?" he said with what seemed to be surprise in his voice that anyone should want to help him in any way.

"Right."

"Thanks," he said.

As he got up and shuffled toward the front of the bus I saw more clearly than before how shabby, dirty, and crumpled he was.

And after he had left and disappeared to I'd probably never know where, it occurred to me that he probably didn't have a hint of what had transpired in my mind. And now when it was too late I stood there in the bright, soulless bus depot wanting to tell him what he had given me, this shabby waste of a man most people would say was a total loss to society, let alone being capable of conveying something of value to his fellow men.

—Eugene Nelson



Book Review

Sing Out Against War & Plunk For Peace!

"The Viet Nam Song Book", compiled and edited by Barbara Dane and Irwin Silber, Guardian Books, $3.95, Monthly Review Press, 116 West 14th Street, New York City 10011.

Every war has had its certain number of anti-war songs, satirical and otherwise; but at no time during recent wars in which this country has been involved has there been such a rash of songs that speak out in protest of war as during the present military venture in Viet Nam.

The majority of the songs here are by American composers, but at the end of the book there is a generous sampling of compositions from other parts of the world, including Viet Nam itself. Replete with photographs depicting the ravages of war in that beleaguered country as well as photographs of protest demonstrations both here and abroad, the book represents composers some of whom are well-known, and some of whom are not known at all.

Every ideological concept is to be found here, from the pacifist abhorrence of blood-shed and the class-conscious antipathy to worker killing worker to outright partisanship for the ideological position of Ho Chi Minh. One gets the impression from some of the latter that the pros and cons of the virtue of warfare depend on who happens to be engaged in it.

However there are many biting satirical commentaries on the stateside proponents of the continuation of this war that show a complete disregard for the dignity of the illustrious personages who demand the respect of their duly-taken electorate. Other songs represent the Black Americans' indignation at "saving democracy" in some other land while they don't have any too much of it at home.

Many songs were written to be sung at various anti-war demonstrations, some composed right on the spot and others the creations of some of our well-known folk singers. One particular song was written in the hope that some rock and roll artist would make a record of it so it could do for peace what "The Green Berets" has done for war. The song, "A Letter Has Come To Me", refers to the draft notice:

"A letter has come
to me, darling;
I wish it were sent
by you,
Telling me where
you will meet me
And what you would
like us to do.
But there is no love
in the greeting;
It's signed in a cold,
clever hand...."

Tom Paxton's song, "We Didn't Know", likens the German civilians who were apathetic to the death camps under Hitler to the present-day American who says sure the War is bad, but what can we do about it? "Talking Dirty Draft Dodger Blues" is about the chap who kept out of the Army by spouting radicalism at the Induction Center along with the pursuant investigation: "'Cause it's over a year now and I'm still free,/ I guess they didn't like what I had to say./ But it's a shame us taxpayers had to pay / For my investigation."





The Vietnamese songs are naturally not of the pacifist type insofar as these were written under the brunt of an invasion of the composers' homeland. The two Japanese songs, deeply poetical, express an indifference to ideology while poignantly decrying the futility of young men's being wrested from their homes to kill or be killed by other young men wrested from their homes.

"....The sky grows dark
as before a storm,
Why did the soldier
have to die?
For his blood is yours
and his blood is mine,
We share the same
darkening sky...."

Other countries represented in this collection are Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Cuba, England, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Uruguay, and one of the finest verses is to be found in the ballad of Kevin Conway, a young Australian soldier who died as an advisor in Viet Nam.

"....Now in a mine
a mine disaster,
A bushfire or a flood,
Men risk their lives
for others,
It's in the human blood.
Men give their lives
for others,
It happens every day.
But he who dies
for tyranny
Has thrown his life away...."

Folk-singer guitarists will be especially happy with this publication, as each of the entries here—with the exception of parodies—has the complete musical notation. It's a good book to have in your collection.

—Carlos Cortez

The Color of Things To Come

I do not salute the old nationalist fantasies,
Dividers and destroyers, decadent separators;
No, I salute the old Wobbly lumber locals in Louisiana,
Half black and half white, working and living as brothers;
I salute my daughters, half Anglo, half Aztec,
Living poems of a golden-skinned future;
I am a melting fleshpot,
"I can love both fair and brown"
Like lusty English minister Donne;
I salute the great miscegenists—
Dumas and his mulatto son,
Baudelaire and his Negro mistress,
Gauguin grooving in the Tahiti sun,
Han Suyin and Pocahontas—
I salute the sublime mathematics
Of: two and two make one.

—Eugene Nelson

REBEL VOICES

Paperbound copies of Joyce Kornbluh's "Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology" may be had from headquarters at $4.95 each.

Role of Labor

"The working class has to bear an incomparably greater responsibility for the destiny of humanity than any other class of society, because only the workers are in fact able, by force of their economic and social position in the capitalist fabric of society, to perform the task which the survival of civilization demands."—Jules Braunthal

LEFT SIDE

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California, had been doing a little research on Government subsidies to the large farm owners in her state. In 1967 alone, the Government had shelled out $104,000,000 in crop payments to the big growers, some individuals receiving as much as $133,555 in subsidies for that year.

The research gal, upon asking these big growers why they were opposed to Government help to the farm workers, invariably got this stock answer:

"The poor should work harder for their bread!"

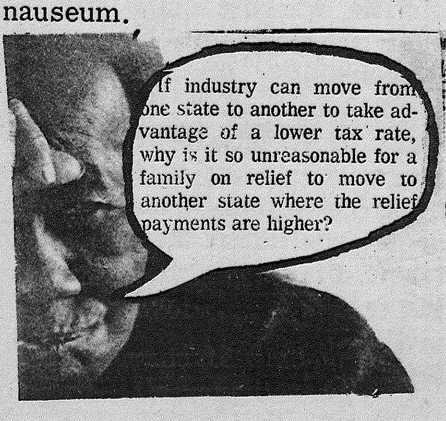
Meanwhile the John Birch Society, all hot and bothered about the success of the grape boycott, continue their smear campaign on behalf of the big grape growers, and the Great White Father in his White House asks the Secretaries of Labor and Agriculture to report to him on the advisability of placing agricultural workers under the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act.

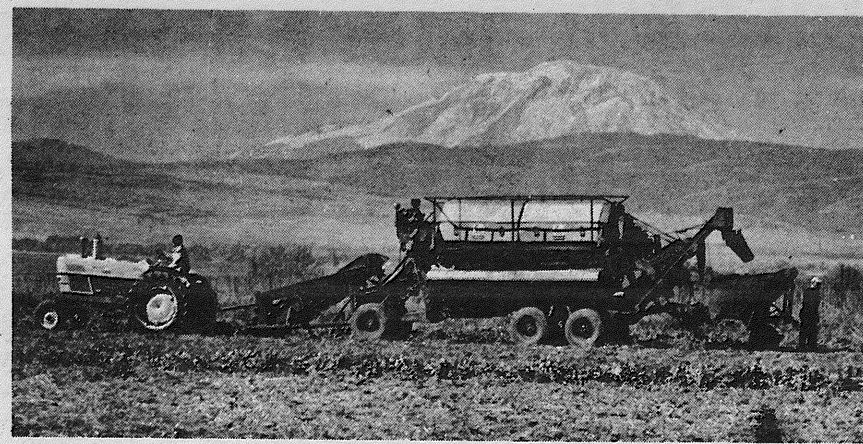
Hearken, all ye who believe in politicians!

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It takes no fancy arithmetic to figure out who's being economically developed in the program to encourage economic development along the Mexican border. The big US plants usually have a sister plant right across the border where the completed parts are assembled by low-paid unskilled labor. So far 20,000 workers have lost their jobs as a result of factories' relocating along the border, and if the trend continues millions more will lose their jobs.

Ralph Nader, the consumer crusader, is now hitting away at the Federal Trade Commission, whose responsibility it is to protect the public from deceptive selling practices. He says that the FTC just isn't doing its job when it comes to the large firms which advertise heavily on the boob tube. You know: Germproof detergent, dog food that butchers can't tell apart from high-grade beef, diet-safe margarine that will save you from a premature death, toothpaste that will improve your sex life, ad nauseum.





DOUBLE STANDARD

Sterling Tucker has written a short and mostly useful book, "Beyond the Burning—Life and Death of the Ghetto" (Association Press, $4.95). Tucker, the executive director of the Washington, D. C. Urban League, organized the Poor People's Solidarity Day March last June and is a dedicated fighter against racism. I wish I could endorse his book wholeheartedly, but it contains a dangerous flaw.

Tucker argues that Negroes probably know better than any others in America that "all group members are not responsible for the actions of the few", and he attacks those black militants who make Jews "the target of repeated attacks". While "some Jewish businessmen and landlords exploit the ghetto resident," the author points out, "it is equally true that many Jewish people are, and have been, the strongest civil-rights proponents and civil-rights activists in the white community."

But Tucker then falls into the very trap he has warned against by insisting upon group guilt and group responsibility. To assure that "attacks against them will lessen if not cease," he says, Jewish community leaders must "concentrate more on working against those Jews who starve the ghetto."

How, I wonder, would Tucker react if he were to take those same sentences and substitute "Negro" for "Jew" and "crime" for "exploit?" "Some Negroes are criminals," the paragraph would then read, "but it is equally true that most Negroes are law-abiding. To assure that criticism of Negro crime ceases, Negro community leaders must concentrate more on working against Negro criminals."

It is obvious that such a statement unfairly assigns group responsibility for the misdeeds of certain individuals. I strongly prefer the approach of the militant black actor, Ossie Davis, who wrote: "Whichever Jews are guilty of exploiting Harlem are not guilty because they are Jews, but because—along with many Catholics, Protestants, Negro and white—they are exploiters. In a war against all exploiters, whomsoever, I am an ally. In a war against Jews, I am an enemy."

GEORGIA ROAD GANG

The Georgia Prison Reform Commission has recommended that the state abolish its infamous penal road-gang system for maintenance of highways. The Commission insists it would cost less to have the work done by contractors and free labor.

Yellow Dog Nips at Student Rebs

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the Federal anti-riot act to students who cross state lines and participate in demonstrations. A senator from Georgia urges that no Federal funds should go to any college that recognizes such bodies as SDS or tolerates subversive professors.

Daily the campus rebellion becomes more like the industrial labor struggles of the Thirties. In some instances wages and working conditions are major issues. On March 13th students from the university Jefferson founded demonstrated at the Virginia state capitol insisting they have a right to demand better pay for those who prepare their food and maintain their accommodations. At Chapel Hill North Carolina a week earlier the Black Student Movement made plain that the immediate issue was to raise the pay of cafeteria workers from $1.60 to $1.80 per hour.

On campuses today, as on picket lines 35 years ago, democracy is being expanded once more by a concerned minority that takes the lead. Once again those who resist this growth of democracy try to use the simple fact of majority fence-sitting to make it seem that the will of the majority is to keep things as they long have been.

In the days of the Mohawk Valley formula, they formed Citizens' Committees to break strikes. Today, as with the Student Council of Palm Beach Atlantic College, they try to make it seem that the rebellion is against the wish of all good students. But a Fortune magazine survey reported in January that 750,000 students substantially shared the outlook of the New Left even if they didn't do much about it. The issue now as then goes beyond the forms of employee representation systems and student councils to the basic questions of who is to run this industry and to what purpose.

Florida State Senator Slade in early March demanded the dismissal of Kenneth McGill, a philosophy professor at the University of Florida, for his approval of black militants and of the idea that students and faculty members should control universities. The university decided that McGill, whether an avowed Marxist or not, should continue teaching, and Senator Slade blamed the whole "whitewash" on due process and Supreme Court rulings. Following this decision McGill made a public statement:

"Recent events make clear that until those who work at the university, the students and the faculty, assume control of the institutions where they live and work, and until the threat of police violence is removed, the public universities of Florida will be neither free nor democratic."

He had the cops clearly in mind, because they arrested 59 for attending a meeting that had been denied a permit of an SDS chapter that had been denied the status of a recognized body. And now the Sheriff wants to buy the local library bpokmobile to make it easier to transport large numbers of students on any similar occasion. McGill urges organization of the faculty to unite with the radical students for purposes of control.

It may be a surprise to some people to learn that universities were started as collective bargaining devices either by students or by teachers. Chaeles Homer Haskins, in his 1923 Colver Lectures on the "Rise of the Universities" (now a Great Seals paperback), explains that the first university was that of Bologna, founded by students for mutual protection about 1150 to bargain collectively with the townspeople about rates for meals and lodgings, and with their teachers about courses and fees. This led the teachers to form their own guild, and this in turn led to the issuing of licenses and examinations therefor, and the whole university rigmarole. The term "universitas societas" originally had no academic significance, but referred to the entirety of any complete group—carpenters, masons, or students. The University of Paris was founded about 1205 by teachers for parallel reasons.